Frank Fellows

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM MAINE

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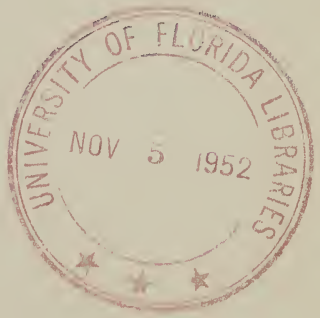

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Memorial Services

HELD IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
OF THE UNITED STATES, TOGETHER WITH
REMARKS PRESENTED IN EULOGY OF

Frank Fellows

LATE A REPRESENTATIVE FROM
MAINE

Eighty-second Congress
Second Session

UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
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Biography

FRANK FELLOWS was born in Bucksport, Hancock County, Maine, November 7, 1889; attended the public schools, East Maine Conference Seminary, Bucksport, Maine, and the University of Maine at Orono; was graduated from the University of Maine Law School; was admitted to the bar in 1911 and commenced practice in Portland, Maine; clerk of the United States District Court of Maine 1917–20; elected as a Republican to the Seventy-seventh and to the five succeeding Congresses and served from January 3, 1941, until his death in Bangor, Maine, August 27, 1951; interment in Silver Lake Cemetery, Bucksport, Maine.

In the House of Representatives

THURSDAY, *February 28, 1952.*

Mr. REGAN. Mr. Speaker, I present a resolution (H. Res. 543) covering memorial services in the House to be held on Wednesday, May 14, 1952, and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That on Wednesday, May 14, 1952, immediately after the approval of the Journal, the House shall stand at recess for the purpose of holding the memorial services as arranged by the Committee on House Administration under the provision of clause (1) (j) (2) (C) of rule XI of the Rules of the House of Representatives. The order of exercises and proceedings of the service shall be printed in the Congressional Record, and all Members shall have leave for 60 legislative days to extend their remarks in the Congressional Record on the life, character, and public service of deceased Members. At the conclusion of the proceedings, the Speaker shall call the House to order and then as a further mark of respect to the memories of the deceased he shall declare the House adjourned.

* * * * *

The resolution was agreed to.

Memorial Services
in the
House of Representatives

Eighty-second Congress
Second Session

Memorial Service Program

Prelude, sacred selections (11: 30 to 12)
United States Navy Orchestra

Presiding officer----------The Speaker, Hon. Sam Rayburn

Invocation----------The Chaplain, Rev. Bernard Braskamp, D. D.

Quartet, Have Thine Own Way, Lord (Stebbins)
Hon. J. Frank Wilson
Hon. Prince Preston
Hon. Oren Harris
Hon. J. Percy Priest

At the piano----------Hon. Frances P. Bolton
Representative from the State of Ohio

Scripture reading and prayer----------The Chaplain

Roll of Deceased Members-The Clerk of the House of Representatives

Rose Ritual----------Hon. Reva Beck Bosone
Representative from the State of Utah

Devotional silence.

Address----------Hon. Omar Burleson
Representative from the State of Texas

Quartet, Beautiful River (Lowry)----------Congressional Quartet

Address----------Hon. Carl T. Curtis
Representative from the State of Nebraska

Taps----------Francis Stevens, musician, United States Navy

Echo----------Frank Tiffany, musician first class, United States Navy

Benediction----------The Chaplain

Frank Fellows

Memorial Services

WEDNESDAY, *May 14, 1952.*

The SPEAKER of the House of Representatives (Mr. Rayburn) presided.

The Chaplain, Rev. Bernard Braskamp, D. D.:

Almighty God, who has revealed Thyself as man's unfailing friend, his everpresent help and everlasting hope, we pray that in this hour of sacred memory we may enter into a blessed communion with Thy spirit and with the spirit of all who are dwelling in Thy nearer presence and upon whom Thou hast bestowed the benediction, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Hear us in Christ's name. Amen.

Hon. J. Frank Wilson, Hon. Prince Preston, Hon. Oren Harris, and Hon. J. Percy Priest sang Have Thine Own Way, Lord, by Stebbins.

Hon. Frances P. Bolton, a Representative from the State of Ohio, accompanied at the piano.

The CHAPLAIN. The Old Testament Scripture readings are selections from the Ninetieth and the One Hundred and Third Psalms:

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.

For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children.

To such as keep His covenant, and to those that remember His commandments to do them.

The New Testament readings are taken from the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John where we have these gracious words which come from the lips of our blessed Lord:

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

The following poem written by Nancy Byrd Turner is a beautiful commentary on the teachings of the Scriptures:

"Death is only an old door
Set in a garden wall;
On quiet hinges it gives at dusk,
When the thrushes call.

"Along the lintel are green leaves,
Beyond the light lies still;
Very weary and willing feet
Go over that sill.

"There is nothing to trouble any heart,
Nothing to hurt at all;
Death is only an old door
In a garden wall."

Let us pray:

Most merciful and gracious God, from whom our spirits have come and unto whom they return, we rejoice that through Thy holy word Thou hast spoken unto us.

We thank Thee that when earthly and human lights are extinguished by adversity and affliction, by sorrow and bereavement, then Thy divinely inspired word, which is a lamp unto our feet and a light unto our path, shines with a deeper and steadier glow and we are strengthened to carry on courageously and hopefully.

Grant that in our times of loneliness, when the struggle of life seems so difficult and the burdens so heavy, we may not turn our eyes upon the ground whence no help can come but may we turn them heavenward and unto Thee.

We praise Thee for the life and character of Thy servants who walked and worked with us for a little upon the earth and who are now with Thee in eternal blessedness, having received the reward of their faith and fidelity, even the salvation of their souls.

We have not said "farewell" unto them but only "good night," confident that some day, by Thy grace, we shall again dwell with them in hallowed union in that land whose language is music and where joys are unceasing.

We pray that, as we continue our earthly pilgrimage, we may live out each day in faith and in faithfulness, availing

ourselves of the companionship of our blessed Lord, who will abide with us throughout life and eternity.

Hear us in the name of the Christ our Saviour. Amen.

ROLL OF DECEASED MEMBERS

Mr. Lyle O. Snader, assistant reading clerk of the House of Representatives, read the following roll:

KENNETH SPICER WHERRY, a Senator from the State of Nebraska: Born February 28, 1892; graduated, University of Nebraska; attended Harvard University; served in United States Navy Flying Corps, 1917–18; admitted to the bar and practiced law in Pawnee City; member of the city council; mayor of Pawnee City; served in Nebraska State Senate; Republican State chairman, 1939–42; western director, Republican National Committee, 1941–42; elected to the United States Senate in 1942; reelected to the Senate in 1948; died November 29, 1951.

WILSON DARWIN GILLETTE, Fourteenth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born July 1, 1880; attended high school in Ulster; agricultural pursuits, merchandising, and automobile distributor; member of Pennsylvania State House of Representatives, 1930–41; Member of the Seventy-seventh Congress and each succeeding Congress until his death, August 7, 1951.

FRANK FELLOWS, Third Congressional District of Maine: Born November 7, 1889; attended public schools, the East Maine Conference Seminary at Bucksport, and the University of Maine at Orono; graduated from University of Maine Law School; admitted to the bar in 1911; clerk of the United States District Court of Maine, 1917–20; practiced law in Bangor; Member of the Seventy-seventh Congress and the five succeeding Congresses; died August 27, 1951.

ALBERT CLINTON VAUGHN, Eighth Congressional District of Pennsylvania: Born October 9, 1894; educated in public schools of Whitehall Township; graduate of Whitehall High School and Allentown Business College; veteran of First World War; member of American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars; secretary and sales representative; congressional secretary; Member of the Eighty-second Congress; died September 1, 1951.

KARL STEFAN, Third Congressional District of Nebraska: Born March 1, 1884; attended public schools in Omaha and YMCA night school; engaged successively as telegraph operator, news writer, reporter, city editor, and radio-news commentator; entered busi-

ness; served in telegraph division, Philippine Constabulary, 1904–06; private in Illinois National Guard; lieutenant in Nebraska National Guard; radio-code instructor, First World War; Member of the Seventy-fourth Congress and the eight succeeding Congresses; died October 2, 1951.

JOHN ALBERT WHITAKER, Second Congressional District of Kentucky: Born October 31, 1901; attended public schools, Bethel College at Russellville, and the University of Kentucky at Lexington; studied law; admitted to the bar in 1926 and commenced practice in Russellville; county attorney of Logan County, 1928–48; delegate to all State conventions since 1924; Member of the Eightieth Congress and the two succeeding Congresses; died December 15, 1951.

WILLIAM THOMAS BYRNE, Thirty-second Congressional District of New York: Born March 6, 1876; attended public schools; graduated from Albany Law School, Union College in 1904; admitted to the bar that year and commenced practice in Albany; member of the State senate, 1923–37; Member of the Seventy-fifth Congress and the seven succeeding Congresses; died January 27, 1952.

GEORGE BLAINE SCHWABE, First Congressional District of Oklahoma: Born in Missouri July 26, 1886; attended high school at Sedalia; graduated in law from the University of Missouri in 1910; practiced law at Nowata and Tulsa; mayor of Nowata, 1913–14; member of Nowata Board of Education for 5 years; member of Oklahoma State Legislature; chairman of Republican County Committee of Tulsa County; delegate to Republican National Convention, 1936; Member of the Seventy-ninth, Eightieth, and Eighty-second Congresses; died April 2, 1952.

REID FRED MURRAY, Seventh Congressional District of Wisconsin: Born October 16, 1887, in Ogdensburg, Wis.; attended public schools; graduate of College of Agriculture of the University of Wisconsin; agricultural agent for railroads in St. Paul, Minn., 1914–17, for Winnebago County, Wis., 1917–19, and for the First National Bank, Oshkosh, 1919–22; professor of animal husbandry, College of Agriculture, University of Wisconsin, 1922–27; owner, Waupaca Cattle Credit Co.; farmer; dealer in cattle and farms in Waupaca, 1927–39; Member of the Seventy-sixth Congress and the six succeeding Congresses; died April 29, 1952.

Hon. REVA BECK BOSONE, a Representative from the State of Utah, standing in front of the Speaker's rostrum and assisted by Page James Lee Shirley, placed a memorial

rose in a vase as the name of each deceased Member was read by the Clerk.

There followed a period of devotional silence, during which the Members stood.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Texas [Mr. Burleson].

Hon. OMAR BURLESON, a Representative from the State of Texas, delivered the following address:

Mr. BURLESON. Mr. Speaker, in these moments of reflection, dedicated to the memory of our departed colleagues, may the din of clamorous and clamant voices in our ears be hushed and may we hear the still small voice of the Eternal Spirit. May we lift our eyes to the eternal verities and be reminded by the pained absence of our beloved associates of former days, that time in this chaotic world is but for a fleeting instant and that soon we shall join them in that great and perfect democracy of death.

If the lives of those whose memory we honor on this occasion should not give us courage and inspiration, they would have failed. But they did not fail. Knowing each of them rather intimately, as we did, we saw their faithfulness, their devotion, and deep sincerity of purpose. With these virtues go unselfishness and humbleness.

Yes, of course, we remember the goodness—the inner worth of men and women—whose lives have touched us and whose influence remains fresh in our hearts and minds. Unlike Shakespeare's Mark Antony, we do not believe that "the evil men do lives after them—the good is oft interred with their bones." Faith in God and brotherly love teach us otherwise.

Often on the floor of this House, in the heat of debate, we may display temper, forces of argument, and demeanor we think necessary to the advantage of our point. Our words

sometimes carry a sting and may even become vehement, but, underneath it all, no group of men can be found anywhere on earth who has, as a body, a deeper sincerity to serve or a greater devotion to duty. Neither is there to be found greater humbleness, for we are forced to realize the tremendous responsibilities and the huge tasks constantly before us and that immeasurable trust and confidence has been placed in us. Surely, those who may have the greatest confidence in their own abilities must feel that wisdom alone is insufficient—that only by divine guidance can our beloved Nation be brought through the perilous shadows which hang over it.

To me, the vanities of man, his egotism and self-righteousness are about the greatest of all afflictions, and the antithesis to these consuming evils is humbleness and devoutness—these are the flowers in the garden of memory of our beloved colleagues.

No lovelier example of humble and devout service can be found than that portrayed by the Christ when, meeting with His disciples in the home of Mark, He washed His disciples' feet. You will recall that there was a warm and even heated argument in progress among the 12 as to whom should be the greatest in the kingdom. The concept of a heavenly kingdom had not settled upon them and they were contending with one another as to which of them would hold the more prominent position in what they believed to be an earthly organization. How understandably human? Into the midst of this argument, the Lord came, and, hearing it, He girded himself with a towel and washed the disciples' feet.

You will recall the custom—eating at the long, low tables—kneeling, or reclining upon their elbows. It was customary that they remove their shoes at the door and that they wash their feet before dining. The Christ entered the room and hearing dissension among his close friends, He poured water into a vessel, and took a towel and performed a lowly and humiliating service. He washed their feet. Can we hear

now the tinkle of the water in that basin as Jesus prepared to do this humble act? He did not rebuke them nor did He even explain their error of misconception. The Master did that for them which they were too proud to do for themselves in the presence of one another. They seemed to have a fear that such an act would reflect on their dignity. The vanity of man. But the Jesus took water and a towel and washed His disciples' feet.

Another beautiful story of humbleness and devoutness occurred in the village of Bethany where Simon, the leper, lived. And while he was close to the Master, as the scripture records, there came an unbidden guest. It was a woman. The only characterization we have of her is that she was a sinner, and beyond that, we know nothing.

What she was like, we do not know. We do not know what she wore, what her attitude appeared to be, nor the expression of her eyes. We do not know whether her voice was harsh or whether it was soft and melodious. The record simply says "she was a sinner."

She came to where the Master was visiting with the lepers. There were no press conferences, no press releases, no society columns and no speeches. The record simply says that she came.

How simple it all appears. She brought with her an alabaster box of precious ointment. She stood behind the Man of Galilee who was doubtless sitting or kneeling at his repast, as was the custom. It was the posture of humility. She washed His feet with her tears. She dried them with her tresses, and then from the alabaster box, she took the precious ointment and anointed Him. Today we would probably call the ointment perfume.

There was no conversation; there was no record; there were no remarks to be examined. We only have this simple and humble record of her ministration.

The disciples were there. The Holy Word says they were indignant, and we can all imagine that scene. We can particularly imagine Peter who must have been there frowning. You know he was such a sturdy, forthright, and practical soul. The anointing of the Master with precious ointment offended the practical sense of all the disciples. Quickly they translated it into an equation of their own. This ointment might be worth money, and the money could be used for alms and for charity, they said. How familiar these discussions are to us. We debate most every legislative day, in some form or other, fiscal and money matters of the Nation. We are constantly dealing with the great issues involved in the spending of these huge sums. We question methods; we examine the philosophies; we seek the practical; and many times we find it extremely difficult to be certain that we are right, even after we reach definite conclusions.

The Master must have listened to the argument, and then, with simplicity and logic, which is like majesty itself, He suddenly said, "Why trouble ye this woman? She hath wrought a good work upon me."

How simple, how compelling, and how persuasive that must have been. He simply said, "She hath wrought a good work upon me." A little later He said the things which have such an appeal on this memorial occasion. Very simply He said that what this woman hath done would be as a memorial unto her wherever the Gospel might be preached.

This is the unadorned story of a kindly deed—a very humble service—and there is the promise that it would be a memorial and would reecho down the corridors of time until the end of earth as a memorial to an obscure, unnamed woman.

As we think of our beloved colleagues on this occasion, we can imagine that they, too, brought with their endeavors in the Congress of the United States an alabaster box of precious ointment consisting of their devotion, their love, their af-

fection, and abiding desire to serve their Nation, their State, their district, and their fellow man.

They brought with them the perfume of humble service, and these are the things which will live to adorn and to enshrine their memories.

The speeches which we make so quickly die upon the vespers of the breeze. The votes on which we and they are recorded will soon be forgotten. It is the human and kindly little things which are unheralded and unacclaimed, which will long be remembered on the tablets of the mind and the heart.

These little things which seem unimportant to us in the hurly-burly of a controversial atmosphere, will long be remembered by many people who were the recipients of some deed—who were the benefactors of some service by these, our departed friends.

Their actions were so intensely objective because they were rendered to people, to us, to country, to humble folks who looked upon them as their liaison agents of the Government.

Mr. Speaker, as all of you will, of course, understand, so very many of the myriad duties which we perform do not draw the headlines nor do they receive immediate acclaim. We know that the greater part of our work is done behind scenes—in the committees, in the conferences, and in the office—which require long and tedious hours of effort. It is here that the real work of the Congress of the United States is performed. It is not all spotlight. It is not all in the forefront nor does it make good publicity, but it is that day-to-day routine of duty—over and over again—probing and trying to bring about the type of legislation which is beneficial to the people whom we represent and to the world in which we live.

Yes, there was objectivity about their services here, and it so well illustrates that simple but compelling sentiment which the Master uttered when he said, "She hath wrought a good

work upon me." And in humble service, may we hear again the pouring of water into the basin and in our imagination see the Lord Jesus washing the feet of His disciples.

These, our departed ones, wrought a good work upon us, upon their kinsmen, and upon their constituency, upon their country and the world. They wrought a good work, and it will be remembered.

What builds the Nation's pillars high
And its foundation strong?
What makes it mighty to defy
The foes that round it throng?

Not gold, but only men can make
A people great and strong—
Men who for truth and honor's sake,
Stand fast and suffer long—

Free men who work while others sleep
Who dare while others fly—
They build a Nation's pillars deep
And lift them to the sky.

Mr. Speaker, is it not possible that we, too, all of us, come here with an alabaster box of precious ointment, made up of the talents with which we have been endowed—the love we have for one another and our fellow men, the interest which we have in world affairs and the devotion which we entertain for this, our blessed country—to be used for the enhancement and progress of our Nation and the bringing of peace of mind and tranquillity of soul to a restless and troubled world?

This talent, if it be that, we can use, if we will, to soften the asperities and severities of life—to modify the hates with which we are often confronted, and to soften our own conduct, that it will be as a great spiritual wave and moral force for the Nation and for the world. As we use it freely and diligently, we cannot help but spill the precious and fragrant ointment of our own talents upon our colleagues and all those with whom we come in contact.

As we ponder and reflect upon the personalities of these, our beloved, who have gone to join the throngs of the immortal, may we emulate the best that was in them and use the best which is in us to the end that we may wisely guide the destinies of our Nation and that it may be said, to whatever degree deserving, "we have wrought a good work."

I'd like to think when life is done
That I had filled some needed post,
That here and there I'd paid my fare
With something more than idle talk and boast,
That I had taken gifts divine,
The breadth of life and manhood fine.
And tried to use them now and then
In good deeds toward my fellow men.
But I'd hate to think when life is through
That I had lived my round of years
A useless kind that leaves behind
No record in this vale of tears;
That I had wasted all my days
In treading only selfish ways.
And that the world would remain the same
If it had never known my name.
I'd like to think that here and there
When I am gone there shall remain
A happier spot that might have not
Existed had I lived only for gain;
That someone's cheery voice and smile
Shall prove that I have been worth while;
That I have paid with something fine
My debt to God for life divine.

Mr. Speaker, as we survey the contemporary scene, is there anything so important as a restoration of common purpose—of domestic tranquillity and peace in the world? All this we may do in the happy labor in the cause of an ideal which we call the American creed.

My friends, in this blessed communion with our own, in sweet remembrance, we lay upon their lingering personalities the memorial of the living to the dead.

The Congressional Quartet sang Beautiful River by Lowry, accompanied at the piano by Hon. Frances P. Bolton, a Representative from the State of Ohio.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Nebraska [Mr. Curtis].

Hon. CARL T. CURTIS, a Representative from the State of Nebraska, delivered the following address:

Mr. CURTIS of Nebraska. Mr. Speaker, we are assembled in memory of our departed colleagues. They were noble men. They possessed good names that were better than precious oil. The good that they have done will live for all time. We pay tribute to them not because they need our praise; but because we need the inspiration derived from meditation upon their lives and achievements. Our lives are richer and have more meaning because of them.

It is said that these colleagues are dead. The question—if a man die will he live again has been asked down through the ages. Countless people have asked that question. The sages and philosophers have recorded their version of the query along with the answers made to it.

There has always been within man a hope, a longing, and a thirst for a life that would be endless. An examination of everything about us justifies that hope and that longing. The whole scheme of things in the universe tells us that that thirst for life will be satisfied.

To hold that life ends when death comes to the body is to deny the law of compensation and the law of balance. These laws cannot be fulfilled without a belief in a future life. Our contention that justice ultimately will be done and that all wrongs will be righted falls meaningless if death ends all.

We see injustice all about us. Evil men are enthroned and men love darkness rather than light. The good and the inno-

cent languish in prison and die without just rewards for their noble deeds. Evil doers oftentimes prosper without any obvious punishment. They have received their consolation. Honest individuals sometimes hunger without expectation of relief. Poverty and shame sometimes come to those who seem to least deserve it. Young men die in battle without having a chance to share the fruits of victory. Around the world little children die of neglect and starvation with no opportunity to grow to a productive maturity. Martyrs receive but persecution and death for championing a great cause without a knowledge of the ultimate triumph of their cause. Men are cast into concentration camps because they dare to speak or write the truth without assurance that the truth would eventually prevail. If death ends all, what compensation is there for all of these? These wrongs can only be righted in a future life. What reward is there for the martyred patriot or for the soldier of tender years who is cut down in battle if death ends all? Those who believe that justice will triumph and those who believe in an eternal balance know that life must go on. It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. It ends not. The hypothesis of immortality is the only explanation of man's troubles and the only solution to the mysteries of life.

An appreciation of nature teaches us that God, the creator, is the master architect, designer, builder, and artist. Man is His highest creation. Is it logical that God's rocks and waterfalls will last for ages but that His finest creation, man, should perish after threescore years and ten? Man, too, is a builder and an artist. Is it probable that man can build a cathedral that lasts for centuries but that man becomes nothing after a short span of life? The canvas that Raphael painted has endured for more than three centuries. Has God ordained that the canvas be preserved while the artist has fallen into dust?

It indeed would be folly to contend that man's creation would last longer than God's finest creation.

The early men who roamed the earth and dwelt in caves, too, asked the question—If a man die shall he live again? They saw the plant life about them live and grow and die. They observed the short span of life for the animals. Death and disintegration seemed to be the order of things. As the early warrior fell to the earth the victim of either his enemy or of some mysterious malady, fear and doubt said to him—this is all; this is the end.

Early man had for his only answer to the meaning of death a hope, a longing and a thirst for life that he could not explain. As time went on wisdom and reason justified that hope. We, whose presence on this earth has been in the latter ages, have been blessed with a knowledge and a faith that have been revealed to man by God himself.

I would mention three pinnacles that stand out in the knowledge that has been imparted to man by God, and upon which our faith is built. About 25 or more centuries ago, Job pointed out the position of man and God when he uttered that profound inquiry, "What is man that Thou does magnify him?"

We are heirs to a faith that teaches that man is different from the trees and the animals that inhabit the jungles. Man is created in the image of God. The individual is of great value. He has a function to perform in the scheme of things. Man is a spiritual being and life eternal may be his. It is the gift of God.

About the time of Job the Psalmist reached another pinnacle in explaining the mysteries of life and death when he said:

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: For Thou art with me.

The highest pinnacle of revelation of God's wonderful plans was proclaimed by Him who was heralded by a voice out of heaven saying, "This is my beloved Son." The Son of God said: "In my Father's house are many mansions." Before these revelations man could but hope—now he knew. Knowledge and assurances are the foundations of our faith. Our doctrines are not the precepts of men.

In every age doubts will arise, and man will be prone to ask, "How can these things be?" That question is answered by millions who live by faith. The man who perhaps possessed one of the most brilliant minds that ever took part in the deliberations of the House of Representatives and the Senate spoke out on this. As death was drawing near, Daniel Webster wrote:

> Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe, in comparison with the apparent insignificance of the globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith that is in me; but my heart has always assured and reassured me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be Divine Reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be mere human production. This belief enters into the very depth of my conscience. The whole history of man proves it.

This is our Father's world. The sacred scriptures begin with the revelation of the truth that in the beginning God created heaven and earth and man. America's first charter of liberty, the Declaration of Independence, declares that we hold the truth to be self-evident that all men were created.

Man was created for a purpose. Man lives for a purpose. Those whose memory we revere today have but taken an advanced position in the infinite plan and purpose of God; unto an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

May I say that you here today are not alone. We walk by faith. More than 600,000,000 people around the world, in addition to the millions who have gone before, cling to a common creed that begins with the stirring words, I believe in

God: That creed goes on enumerating the pillars of our belief. The climax of the creed is the best. The crescendo of this declaration of the faith of the millions is—I believe in the life everlasting.

Francis Stevens, musician, United States Navy, sounded taps, the echo being sounded by Frank Tiffany, musician first class, United States Navy.

The Chaplain pronounced the following benediction:

The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift upon you the light of His countenance and give you peace.

Amen.

The SPEAKER. Pursuant to the provisions of House Resolution 543, and as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Chair declares the House adjourned until 11 o'clock a. m. tomorrow.

Thereupon (at 12 o'clock and 58 minutes p. m.), under its previous order, the House adjourned until tomorrow, Thursday, May 15, 1952, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Memorial Tributes
to
Frank Fellows

Memorial Tributes

Remarks by Representative Hale

Of Maine

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks, I include an excellent editorial on our late colleague, FRANK FELLOWS, appearing in the Talk of the Towns for September 6. The Talk of the Towns is an admirable weekly published in Yarmouth in my district. The publishers are Mr. and Mrs. Francis W. Tully. Mr. Tully was formerly in the Radio Press Gallery here in the Capitol and is well known to many of our Members. We are glad to have him running a paper in Maine. The editorial follows:

FRANK FELLOWS

It is going to be difficult for the voters in the Third Maine District to replace Congressman FRANK FELLOWS, who died last week. He was a hard-working, positive-minded Member of the House, known to his colleagues and to Washington newsmen as a man who voted according to his beliefs, and never hesitated to state his position on an issue. He seldom addressed the House—when he did, he always had something to say, and held the attention of the Members.

His salty, down-to-earth oratory, mixed with Maine wit, made him in demand in many States during Republican campaigns. Whenever FRANK FELLOWS spoke in North Carolina, a large attendance at Republican rallies was assured, and the same was true in other parts of the country. Only a few days before his death, he delivered one of his typical speeches at the Republican gathering for Senator Taft in Rockland. After the speaking, we chatted with him for a while, and he remarked on how glad he was to be back in Maine after the long, hot session in Washington. However, he was in the best of spirits, and it was a shock to learn just 5 days later that he had died. During his 12 years in Congress, he had earned the respect of all who knew him.

Remarks by Representative Hand

of New Jersey

Mr. HAND. Mr. Speaker, I am including in the Congressional Record a statement by our former colleague, Hon. Harry L. Towe, referring to the late beloved Representative FRANK FELLOWS.

I am certain that this beautiful expression will meet with the unanimous approval of the House:

FRANK FELLOWS

The House of Representatives learned of my resignation from Congress on September 12, the same day that his sorrowing colleagues learned of the death of Representative FRANK FELLOWS, of Bangor, Maine.

And so it was that I took leave of Congress with a heavy heart, regretting the necessity of leaving those with whom I had worked and served for 9 years, and mourning the loss of a friend whom I would never see again.

FRANK FELLOWS, who had represented his State's third district since 1941, was an admired and respected colleague; but far more important than that, he was a beloved and understanding friend.

He loved life, and lived it bravely. I don't think FRANK FELLOWS was ever afraid of anything. Certainly he was never afraid to stand up and be counted against the pettiness and selfishness in Government which he loathed. And certainly he was never afraid to pour all of his boundless energy into causes in which he believed. Whatever the outcome of any issue, FRANK FELLOWS always voted and talked as he felt. No colleague ever wondered what FRANK FELLOWS' position was, on any issue.

I shall remember him for his wisdom, for his great gift of oratory, and for the lavish manner in which he gave all of his talents to his constituency and to his people.

I shall remember him too, for his love of song, and for the delightful wit which made so many of us love him.

No man or woman ever came to know FRANK FELLOWS without becoming a better person as a result of the experience.

No person who ever knew him can think of his passing without experiencing the sense of loss which has come to all of us.

Maine has lost a great Congressman. America has lost a patriot. I have lost a good friend.

Remarks by Representative Sabath
of Illinois

Mr. SABATH. Mr. Speaker, I am glad to join the many friends of our late colleague, Mr. FELLOWS, who for many years was an important and influential member of our Committee on the Judiciary, in paying tribute to his useful life, wholesome character, and eminent public service.

Mr. FELLOWS in committee specialized in immigration work and, while I did not always agree with his policies and procedures, I appreciated that he was sincere and trying to do what was, in his opinion, best for the whole country. By that effort, and his kindly, thoughtful manner in dealing with everybody, he enshrined himself in the affections of a myriad of well-wishers during the approximately 12 years he served in the House.

Our departed friend will long be remembered by the quiet, unremitting toil he devoted to the promotion of the weal of the whole country and especially the 280,000 enlightened constituents he so well represented. Mr. FELLOWS was in no sense provincial; he well understood that his work here would affect the whole country. Patriot that he was, no doubt that knowledge caused him to carefully scrutinize the groundwork of all proposals preliminary to reaching important conclusions.

As a man, our departed friend was endowed with that gift which comprehended the scope of every undertaking, and he had the courage to carry it on to a legitimate end, despite any of the adverse circumstances surrounding him. Milton characterizes this quality of mind as the highest philosophy:

> To know
> That which before us lies in daily life
> Is the prime wisdom.

These are the glories of Mr. FELLOWS' life. It was a life in accordance with the divine plan. It was a finished life. It had a lofty purpose, and that purpose was fulfilled. Therefore, as has been said, the world is better because such a man as Mr. FELLOWS lived.

Remarks by Representative Curtis

of Nebraska

Mr. CURTIS of Nebraska. Mr. Speaker, those whom his serene life touched will ever cherish and long remember our associate, FRANK FELLOWS.

Of some, it has been said, "He was a prophet without honor in his own country." Of this quiet soul, it might well be said, "He was a prophet with honor in his own country, and in his own time." Of some, it has been said, "He is all things to all men." Of FRANK FELLOWS, it might well be said, "He was one thing to all men."

Since his swift passing from complete fellowship with men to complete fellowship with God, he has been much before me. I have talked with those who worked for him, his staff; with those who worked with him, the Members of this House; and with those for whom he worked, his Maine constituents. In their differing ways, they told me the same story. Each of them held identical opinions of this statesman from the North.

He loved and valued what was brave and beautiful. He detested and avoided all that bore the stigma of sham and sophistry.

An employee on his staff told me, "He dearly loved the little things of nature—birds, flowers, brooks. The ocean he found less attractive, because he said it seemed so cold and relentless."

Another comment, spoken by many of us, has been echoed throughout committee rooms and offices, "That FRANK FELLOWS! He is quick to recognize a faker. And he can see one for a country mile."

On the Wednesday before his death, a reporter on a paper which had opposed FRANK FELLOWS wrote of his speech on a most distinguished program as coming from The Little

Giant. A home-State political writer, Ed Talberth, of the Portland (Maine) Press-Herald wrote of this kindly Christian gentleman, "Political expediency was unknown to him."

FRANK FELLOWS' favorite poem was Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard, by Thomas Gray. He could, and often did recite its 39 verses, from beginning to end. It is just that the next-to-last verse in this literary masterpiece should so fittingly describe the man who so enjoyed it:

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

Proceedings
in the
House of Representatives

Proceedings in the House

WEDNESDAY, *September 12, 1951.*

The Chaplain, Rev. Bernard Braskamp, D. D., offered the following prayer:

O Thou eternal God from whose abiding presence neither time nor distance can separate us, in this moment of communion we would erect our Ebenezer of thanksgiving for hitherto Thou hast blessed us and through Thy mercies we have been spared and by Thy power we have daily been sustained.

Grant that now, with renewed energy and enthusiasm of faith and courage and inspired with prophetic vision and unity of purpose, we may again address ourselves to the high and noble task of seeking to find a just and righteous solution to the many difficult social, political, and economic problems which confront our day and generation.

We pray that our President, our Speaker, the Members of Congress, and all who hold positions of leadership, influence, and authority in our Republic may know how to use wisely every resource and art of persuasive reasoning in proclaiming and establishing the ideals and principles of a God-fearing democracy.

May our testimony to the worth and grandeur of the democratic way of life be so clear and commanding that men and nations hearing the Voice of America may feel that this is the voice of freedom and may their hearts be kindled with new hope for the coming of that glorious day of universal peace and brotherhood.

We thank thee for the life and character of Thy servants whom Thou hast called unto Thyself and who are now dwelling with Thee in heavenly blessedness. Grant unto the

members of their bereaved families the consolation of Thy grace.

Hear us in the name of the Prince of Peace. Amen.

A message from the Senate, by Mr. Landers, its enrolling clerk, announced that the Senate had adopted the following resolution (S. Res. 199):

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. FRANK FELLOWS, late a Representative from the State of Maine.

Resolved, That the Presiding Officer appoint a committee of two Senators to attend the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the Senate, at the conclusion of its session today, adjourn.

The SPEAKER. The Chair recognizes the gentleman from Maine [Mr. Hale].

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, it is my sad duty to inform the House of the death early in the afternoon of Monday, August 27, of our colleague, FRANK FELLOWS, of Bangor, Maine, who since 1941 has represented the Third Maine District. FRANK FELLOWS was born in Bucksport, Maine, on November 7, 1889. He was educated in the Bucksport schools and the East Maine Conference Seminary. He received his college education at the University of Maine and the University of Maine Law School. He was admitted to the Maine bar in August 1911, a little over 40 years ago. From 1917 to 1920 he was clerk of the United States District Court in Portland, during the incumbency of my own father as judge of that court. From 1920 on he practiced law very actively and successfully in Bangor, Maine, first in association with his brother Raymond, now a justice of our supreme judicial court, and later with his son Oscar. FRANK soon became one of the most successful trial lawyers in Maine. No one was more accomplished in putting facts before a jury. Even

in his early days, too, he made a great name for himself as an after dinner and platform speaker.

As I recall these bare biographical incidents of FRANK'S life there comes to me a vivid recollection of the kind things that he has said both publicly and privately about me. Nothing could be pleasanter or more natural for me than to praise FRANK FELLOWS; I only wish that the occasion for a eulogy might be very different.

FRANK FELLOWS and I were both born in Maine, in the same month of the same year. When in 1919 I came back from the First World War to resume my interrupted practice of the law, I found FRANK as clerk of the United States District Court. As such he helped explain to me the procedures of the court, more intricate than now. He and my father were devoted friends until my father died in 1934, so that my friendship for FRANK came naturally, both by taste and by inheritance.

I really do not know what consideration first moved FRANK to become a candidate for Congress. He had never been in the State legislature, though his father, Oscar Fellows, had been speaker of the Maine House of Representatives in 1903. FRANK was never captivated by congressional life which often seemed to irk him, but he was always a most able and valuable legislator. His colleagues on the Judiciary Committee will tell you of his value there. You will all remember how formidable he was in debate. His sharp tongue was not to be tempted. He had not the slightest touch of demagogy and he never dissimulated about anything. When he told you his conviction you could be sure that it was his conviction whether he made votes or lost them. His word was good.

In political philosophy FRANK was a stanch Republican of the Down East persuasion. He was a conservative. Some people accused him of being a reactionary. He certainly would not have resented such a description. He was interested in ideas, not in labels. His scale of values in human

relations went back to the Scriptures and found its expression in the founding fathers. He was truly a religious man in the sense that he believed that the fear of the Lord was the beginning of wisdom.

Of FRANK's qualities as a friend many of you know at first hand. No one could know him and fail to feel his qualities of heart and mind. I can say that no one ever had a better colleague than FRANK. He would take undue blame but never undue credit. Forgetful of his own fortunes he used to come into my district to campaign for me.

The things that most people will long remember about FRANK were his love of song and his wit. He loved a good joke. At making one or telling one he excelled. He could have had a distinguished success on the stage. But he chose the greater stage of public affairs.

You will mourn with me the loss of this devoted public servant. You will all join with me in conveying sympathy to his widow, his five children, his eight grandchildren and his distinguished brother.

Mr. Speaker, sometimes it seems as if the flag were always at half-mast. The evidences of our mortality are never far away. There is always present in this body a quorum of those who have served here and gone on. We can never forget them. Perhaps somehow they may remember us and share with us their greater wisdom.

Mr. Speaker, I now yield to the gentleman from Maine [Mr. Nelson].

Mr. NELSON. Mr. Speaker, today we honor one who walked among us for many a day, one held by all in love, in admiration, and in friendship. FRANK FELLOWS has gone on with unreluctant tread, rose-crowned into the beyond. Proud he was, and unafraid, that had had such brave, true things to say. His fine, deep voice that could accomplish such wonders with words will echo throughout this House for uncounted time. The influence of his mind and heart and deepest convictions will be felt for years untold.

FRANK FELLOWS

FRANK FELLOWS' love and friendship touched a life but to bless it. His spirit was a poetry that pulsed with the stars and sang with the wind. It was an undaunted courage that trudged, smiling and without complaint, through many adversities. His spirit was a constant sense of humor that took delight in the common and ordinary and rose without effort to sparkling original wit. His mind, his convictions were pure American. He was ever unhesitating, courageous, outspoken for what he believed to be principles essential to our continuance as a free nation.

FRANK FELLOWS tempered the razor sharpness of his mind with the kindness of a completely human understanding. He knew people. He knew the many virtues and faults and conflicts that go to make a person. He was the last to criticize bitterly or with rancor. He looked for things to love and admire. His great heart constantly found them.

Term him a statesman. You do honor to the name. Call him a man of complete intellectual courage and integrity. You but define the essential ingredient that made FRANK FELLOWS honored and loved by all. Name him your friend, and you have, in memory, one of the richest, most precious of human experiences.

There were many times during these latter years of his congressional service that FRANK FELLOWS thought with a deep longing of the peace and quiet of his lovely old farm on the island of Verona looking out over the sparkling blue waters of Penobscot Bay. Here was a place his parents too had loved. Here were the land, the trees, the stone walls piled up by ancestors in a grim struggle with a rugged earth from which he drew his courage, his strength, and his understanding. To it he always wished to return. In the family cemetery high on a hill in his native town, FRANK FELLOWS now lies in peace, looking out over the land and sea he loved so well.

His heart was fashioned of human joys and cares, washed marvelously with sorrow, swift to mirth. The years had given him kindness. Dawn was his and sunset and the colors of

the earth. He had seen movement and heard music; known slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended; felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone; touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter and lit by the rich skies, all day. And after, frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance and wandering loveliness. He leaves a white, unbroken glory, a gathered radiance, a width, a shining peace, under the night.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Martin].

Mr. MARTIN of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, the unexpected death of our colleague from Maine, Hon. FRANK FELLOWS, came as a great shock. He had been constant in his attendance at the meetings of Congress and none of us had the slightest knowledge of any ailment.

FRANK FELLOWS was a legislator of outstanding ability. He had a keen, penetrating mind. He quickly analyzed a problem and with his quick Yankee judgment, arrived at a sound conclusion—and, above all, he had the courage of his convictions. He never put political expediency ahead of what he believed was essential for the welfare of the country. With him country came first and his own political fortunes last. Men like FRANK FELLOWS are badly needed as we grope along an uncertain future hoping that we can save the precious liberties and opportunities of our people.

Our friend from Maine was a national campaign orator, witty, a good strong talker, and he could illustrate his logic with comparisons easily grasped.

FRANK FELLOWS was a student of government. He knew the value of money and understood human nature. He was devoted to his family, to his native State and to his country. We in Congress have lost a great American. To his wife and family we extend our condolence.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Walter].

FRANK FELLOWS

Mr. WALTER. Mr. Speaker, the death of FRANK FELLOWS came as a great shock to all of us. It came as a greater shock to me, perhaps, because I called the hospital when I learned he was ill, and was informed that he had passed away just a minute or two before my call was completed.

I do not know of anyone with whom it has been my privilege to serve in this House who was more conscientious or more devoted to his duty than FRANK FELLOWS. It was my privilege to have served with him when he was chairman of the subcommittee that it is my good fortune to be chairman of at this time. Among the things with which we were concerned was the problem of displaced persons. The program was not popular in Mr. FELLOWS' district, nor was it popular in my district, but in order to ascertain just exactly what in our judgment was the best thing to do for the United States principally, we went to Europe and visited several displaced persons' camps. I shall never forget the afternoon after we had returned from a visit to Dachau. When we got back to our hotel FRANK FELLOWS got on his knees and prayed, because he realized what enormous, shocking crimes against humanity had been committed in that particular camp. We both then and there determined to work out some sort of program that would bring justice and relief to the victims of Nazi persecution and at the same time not impose on America a burden we could not easily stand.

FRANK FELLOWS, the great lawyer and great humanitarian, knew how to devise the truly equitable formula on which the Displaced Persons Act is based. Anxious to help the homeless victims of the holocaust but always watchful for the interest of his beloved country, he knew how to combine both of the thoughts that preoccupied him in this legislation, and how to explain all its intricacies to the House in his own inimitable way, alternately using his sense of humor, his profound sense of justice, and his intelligence.

FRANK FELLOWS' work on the Judiciary Committee has been outstanding. He was a deep student of history, of literature, and of the law, and before he took a position on any vital matter under consideration by that committee he was certain that the step he took was in the best interests of America. It is too bad that there are not more Americans like FRANK FELLOWS.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield such time as she may desire to the gentlewoman from Ohio [Mrs. Bolton].

Mrs. BOLTON. Mr. Speaker, we meet today with very heavy hearts. A great loss has come to this House.

How little we can afford to lose such men as FRANK FELLOWS, an American of the old tradition, an American of the highest concept of personal responsibility. He knew so well that freedom is safe only when every individual works to be free, that every day the sun could go down on less freedom than more; and, therefore, each one must give all of himself to the protection of freedom in the country which, of all countries in the world, knows its benefits.

It is difficult to let these men go, yet we have to. When their moment has come they are gone and the place where they lived knows them no more. Yet though we may no longer see them and take their hand their presence is amongst us for always.

The work that FRANK FELLOWS did on the Committee on the Judiciary for 10 wonderful years leaves that committee and this House richer and stronger for his having shared in its responsibilities.

But we know that without those who go—

> The awakening world is dark
> With dust and mire;
> Yet as they went they flung to us a spark,
> A thread of fire
> To guide us while beneath the somber skies
> Faltering we tread,
> Until for us like morning stars shall rise
> The deathless dead.

We know deep within the inner recesses of our being that there is no beginning and there is no end to the spirit. The spirit is part of the infinite, of the infinite river of life that flows out of unconscious perfection into perfected consciousness. Through dim ages of long experience the soul finds its place in the great ocean of the living God. FRANK FELLOWS knew the finite ocean so well, he loved deeply the beauty of God's universe. We know that he is today a part and parcel of it as we are as yet unable to be. May the God that he knew in the beauty of the universe protect and keep him in the eons of the future.

For myself I am deeply grateful that I have known him through the 10 years he has been here, and I am sure that all the Members of this great body feel as I do. I tender my deepest sympathy to his wife and to those five children and to their children and to the great State of Maine, for she as well as they, has lost a wonderful representative.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Tennessee [Mr. Priest].

Mr. PRIEST. Mr. Speaker, I read of the passing of FRANK FELLOWS while I was in my district, and when I read the news I realized, very suddenly and with a great deal of grief, that I would come back after our recess to the House of Representatives that would not and could not be the same, because FRANK FELLOWS was no longer a Member of this body.

I learned back in 1946 to know something about the great ability, the very fine mind, and the great heart of FRANK FELLOWS, and to learn also of his very high sense of what was fair and right. In the fall of 1946 I was chairman of the Congressional Campaign Expenditures Investigation Committee. FRANK FELLOWS was a minority member of that committee. On a committee of that sort I think we learn perhaps the real qualities of men more than on any other kind of committee, because it is the type of committee that can so easily be a strongly political committee, a partisan committee, but during all of that fall when that committee was engaged in investigations here and there, FRANK FEL-

LOWS was so fair in his consideration and in his help to me as chairman of the committee that I shall forever be grateful to him.

Mr. Speaker, words are rather weak at a time like this, but I, too, want to join my colleagues here in expressing the very sincerest sympathy to his family and wish for them in the future God's blessings always.

FRANK FELLOWS was a kind and gentle man, in whom there seemed to be combined to an unusual degree those great qualities of mind and spirit that mark those who are truly great.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Georgia [Mr. COX].

Mr. COX. Mr. Speaker, my heart would refute me unmercifully if I did not take advantage of any opportunity that might present itself to testify to the greatness of soul and mind of this very great man, FRANK FELLOWS. I trusted him without limit. I loved him devotedly. I grieve his passing.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Taber].

Mr. TABER. Mr. Speaker, I was shocked to hear about FRANK FELLOWS' untimely death. To my mind he was one of the finest legislators in the House of Representatives. He had the capacity to present an issue in the clearest and the most conclusive manner. I can remember what I believe was his last speech here on the floor on the so-called controls bill. It was absolutely conclusive to thinking men. He had the courage to stand for what was right and the courage to go down the line, relying upon his capacity, when he returned to his district, if they were not already sold on what he believed, to convince them. If America had more men like FRANK FELLOWS the world and the United States would be better off. I extend my sincerest sympathies to his family. We know that that cannot bring him

back, but we must be thankful that so fine a soul has been with us.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Tennessee [Mr. Davis].

Mr. DAVIS of Tennessee. Mr. Speaker, FRANK FELLOWS had a great number of friends on this floor. Fortunately I was able to count myself as a member of a little intimate group of very dear and precious friends. Perhaps the greatest friend he had in Washington was my distinguished colleague the gentleman from Missouri, Dewey Short. A few hours after FRANK passed on Dewey dictated a tribute. He was not able to change a word in this tribute because it was necessary for him to go to San Francisco. He is now en route home. He asked me if I would read these words to you. I recognize that the beauty of his language is here, but the tone of this silver-tongued orator is not here. With great humility I should like to read these words to you, uncorrected, dictated for the first time, and read but very quickly by the author:

TRIBUTE TO HON. FRANK FELLOWS, OF MAINE

(By Hon. Dewey Short, of Missouri)

Mr. Speaker—

"Break, break, break,
On the cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

"O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

"And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

Because of the suddenness of the shock and the overwhelming sorrow it has brought to me and all who knew him, I cannot express my unutterable sadness over the death of FRANK FELLOWS, of Maine.

He was truly the most interesting, colorful, and entertaining character I have ever met. A tonic in the depths of despair; a comfort in the hours of depression; an inspiration when all seemed lost; he spurred me, as all others who knew him, to new heights of glorious endeavor.

FRANK FELLOWS was one man out of a million whose background, training, and education fitted him excellently well to represent the people of any congressional district. He came from Maine where the sun first hits the United States, and knowing full well the danger under which his own district and native State, as well as all of the Atlantic coast lived, he was never so small or narrow as to forget the rest of the people who live in a stretch of 3,000 miles—from Maine to California.

FRANK FELLOWS was more or less an enigma to all people who did not know him. But to those of us who did know him, his thinking was clear, his heart was good, and his actions were sound.

With all the other great statesmen who came from Maine, and they are myriad, who occupied exalted positions in all three branches of the Government—legislative, executive, and judicial—which time will not permit me to enumerate, he knew that ours is a new world with a philosophy of life that would ultimately set the world pattern.

FRANK FELLOWS knew well that one must first take care of his own, but he also knew that we are one country, and in the words of Benjamin Franklin, "We must, indeed, all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

From the moment he entered Congress he naturally and rightfully thought of his own district and his own people first, but he always weighed the repercussion of his voice, vote, and action upon America as a whole.

There was nothing small or narrow about the man whose memory we hold dear and whose death we today commemorate. He knew full well that the strength of this Nation depends upon not one of its isolated parts, but upon all its parts. In the truest sense FRANK FELLOWS was a Member of Congress not only from the State of Maine, but he was also a member of the whole United States of America.

In these turbulent times it is easy for a Member of Congress to yield to pressure groups and yield to minority pressures, but FRANK FELLOWS, from the far-off northeastern corner of the United States,

was a statesman in the truest sense, and thought only of the common weal.

A profound student of the law, he understood the Constitution and therefore loved it. He believed in constitutional, representative democracy in a republican form of government. And this is a republic, with a division and balance of powers between the Federal Government and its 48 States. Never did he do anything to undermine that fundamental concept of the founding fathers.

On the other hand, while wishing every State and locality to have its full and fair share in the affairs of Government, he did not surrender his fundamental conviction that we must remain one strong and united Nation.

Fundamentally, FRANK FELLOWS believed in the old-fashioned virtues of honesty, industry, and frugality. He not only believed in them but he practiced them.

If time permitted I could tell of his innumerable discussions with me about both the philosophy of government and the philosophy of life, but I shall say that he wanted to give exact justice—as nearly as possible—to all who live within our borders.

Mr. Speaker, I do not care to discuss FRANK FELLOWS, the astute trial lawyer, the hard-working and faithful Representative of his people and of the Nation—but rather I wish to speak of him in more or less personal terms. He was, without doubt, the most interesting, colorful, and entertaining man I have ever known. At times what seemed a rough exterior was only a facade or a camouflage to cover the deepest interests of his mind and the gravest problems troubling his soul. He whistled to keep up courage.

Burdened with heavy responsibilities, not only of state but of a personal nature, he knew what suffering was and gave unstintedly of himself to solve the problems—political, social, economic, and personal that confronted him. Never was there a man who gave more unselfishly and generously of his substance or his brain, brawn, and soul to add to the sum of human happiness than FRANK FELLOWS, of Maine.

For hours, all of us here, and particularly myself, have been held spellbound by his inimitable story-telling, his brilliant mind, sparkling wit, and exhilarating humor. He was a tonic to all who knew him.

This fragile and frail mortal, keen and sensitive to every wind that blows and every word that is spoken, literally spent himself in the service of his colleagues and his fellowmen.

In Congress and out of Congress FRANK FELLOWS spent himself in trying to make other people both sensible and happy. Of course, he could not give the answer to all problems, nor could he alleviate

all suffering, but that was due to his lack of physical strength rather than the lack of his moral courage, spiritual intuition, and absorbing desire to help everybody.

"Let me live out my years in heat of blood!
Let me die drunken with the dreamer's wine!
Let me not see this soul-house built of mud
Go toppling to the dust—a vacant shrine.

"Let me go quickly, like a candlelight
Snuffed out just at the heyday of its glow.
Give me high noon—and let it then be night!
Thus would I go.

"And grant that when I face the grisly thing,
My song may trumpet down the gray perhaps
Oh, let me be a tune-swept fiddlestring
That feels the master melody—and snaps!"

Mr. Speaker, I feel so utterly incompetent and completely inadequate to express the thoughts that are in me concerning FRANK FELLOWS that I perhaps should never have uttered a word.

In closing let me say that this perfect mimic—the greatest Shakespearean actor I have ever seen or heard—a man who has understood me in my dismal, dark, and bright, shining moments, knew human nature as few people ever understand it. He has cheered me when I was sad; he has strengthened me when I was weak; he has corrected me when I was wrong; he has in all the vicissitudes of fortune proved to me that friendship is the most valuable thing in this world. I am fortunate, happy, and indebted eternally for having met and known FRANK FELLOWS. He was my friend and I loved him. God bless him, his family, his friends, and the myriad hordes for whom he has done so much.

No one could have more eloquently expressed the feeling of all of us for FRANK FELLOWS than Dewey Short. I can only add these words—I think it was Shakespeare who said:

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to my soul with hoops of steel.

Personally, I shall miss this great, outstanding friend.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Graham].

Mr. GRAHAM. Mr. Speaker, on the last day our colleague was present with us I sat with him in a subcommittee of the

Committee on the Judiciary in the matter of handling immigration and naturalization cases pending before us. Later on he came and sat beside me. Then, later that afternoon, before he departed for his home in Maine, he came back again.

To know that within 1 week this splendid man had passed to the Great Beyond is almost inconceivable. Yet as one listens today to the many tributes coming from hearts sincere and earnest, all expressing a sense of deep personal loss, one can well think of the words of Samuel:

> And the king said unto his servants, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

The first thing that I learned about FRANK FELLOWS and my association with him in the 10 years that we served together on the Committee on the Judiciary, sitting side by side, was his love of human nature and his fellow man. I never knew a man who thought more kindly of his fellow man than he. I do not recall a single instance of his ever speaking evil of one of his associates or companions.

The second was his intense Americanism. He was a genuine American. He believed in America, and he stood for everything that we believe in the form of our constitutional government. He was determined, to the best of his ability, that everything he could do to uphold our Government he would do. He did it with fearlessness and with courage.

The other thing about FRANK FELLOWS which impressed me as a fellow lawyer was his splendid mind. He had been a clerk of the United States court and I had been a United States district attorney. We frequently conversed on those things that touched the matter of procedure in our Federal courts. I found him to be a wellspring of knowledge and information. Many were his ideas that were of value, that have since gone into the statute laws of these United States of America.

Surely a great and good man has passed on. All of us who came in contact with him are richer, fuller, wiser, and better for having known FRANK FELLOWS.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Minnesota [Dr. Judd].

Mr. JUDD. Mr. Speaker, it is probable that his country will longest remember our departed colleague, FRANK FELLOWS, for the remarkable legislative contributions he made, particularly in a specific field, the Displaced Persons Act, which I think all will agree was as much if not more his work than that of any other single Member. In the 9 years I have been privileged to serve in this House I have never heard a finer presentation than his of so complicated and difficult a bill, so subject to emotional reaction, misinterpretation, and prejudice. I think that perhaps in the beginning he may have been inclined to be opposed to some of its philosophy or provisions, but he was a completely honest man and when convinced by the facts of the tragic situation, he came before us with complete mastery of the subject, and presented it with logic and persuasion that were irresistible. I admired, with the highest kind of appreciation, the ability, the brilliance, the lucidity of his mind, the versatility of his talents, the skill of his argument.

But those of us who got to know him well will remember him longest for the kind of person he was, as his country will remember him longest for the contributions he made to its laws. FRANK was a man who saw through pretense or demagoguery or stuffed-shirtism as quickly and penetratingly as any person I ever knew. He despised double talk and intellectual dishonesty. He had no use for a four-flusher. On the other hand nobody was more responsive to genuineness or more kindly, sympathetic, and helpful to his colleagues on every occasion than was FRANK FELLOWS.

It was my privilege last fall to be in his home town of Bangor, Maine, and there to be in his home and among his

host of friends. I think the people of Maine appreciated him and, therefore, loved him more than anybody else could, because they, being good, down-East Yankees like himself, understood him, including the apparent bluntness and directness of his manner at times. They admired him all the more because he was so fine a representative of the best in the kind of distinctive culture that had been developed in that part of our country with its stalwart, vigorous, rugged Americanism. The open affection with which the people of his city and district held him was the loveliest kind of thing that any normal human being could crave as the highest possible reward his people could give him.

FRANK'S was a sensitive spirit, a kindly spirit, in which deep seriousness was coupled with an infectious gayety. He enjoyed life and friends to the full.

Our profound sympathy goes out to his family and his friends. We cannot be sorry for him; in a sense our deepest sorrow must be for them and for ourselves who must go on without him.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentlewoman from Massachusetts [Mrs. Rogers].

Mrs. ROGERS of Massachusetts. Mr. Speaker, as a native of Maine I am extremely proud that my native State produced such a man as FRANK FELLOWS. Many of the fine characteristics of the Maine people showed in FRANK FELLOWS. He perfected that ruggedness and with it went on to great intellectual heights, and his ruggedness was tempered with great tenderness. My profound sympathy goes out to his wife and his children. They have a great heritage.

Just before the recess—in fact it was just after the control bill was considered in the House, I was speaking to him about his speech and his service here in the Congress and asked him why he did not seek wider fields of public service. He coughed and thumped himself on the chest and said "This would not stand it." I thought he was joking and did not

realize that undoubtedly he had had warnings of the future and the end that awaited him. So he had great physical courage in carrying on his service to his district, his State, and his country.

I was privileged and highly honored to be selected as a representative of the Congress at his funeral. I arrived at Bangor and had a small purchase to make; I tried to pay for it but the clerk said there was no charge for this, that any friend of FRANK FELLOWS should be served. It was the same at the hotel where I had taken a room for a few hours. After a long automobile ride I went back to the hotel and went to pay my bill. The manager said "There is no charge for a friend of FRANK FELLOWS." That was a great tribute to our colleague.

Then I saw in the streets everywhere the love, devotion, and veneration in which the people of his own community held him. At his funeral, as they filed past his casket, men and women stopped and touched him on the shoulder, as if they could not bear to let him go. It was their last physical touch of him and it seemed as if they touched him also to gain strength from him to go on with their lives and duties.

FRANK FELLOWS was one of the most able—one of our greatest legislators. We needed him but we have had to let him go, just as his townspeople had to let him go, with that touch of love and affection. But the touch of his friendly personality we have had from him, and that his people who loved him so dearly have had, will never be lost. It is like a great growth of affection and devotion—an inspiration that we shall always have with us.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from South Carolina [Mr. Bryson].

Mr. BRYSON. Mr. Speaker, during the recess period while on a semiprofessional and official trip, my family and I went up to Canada for a brief period. Upon returning to the Capital City I learned for the first time that one of my asso-

ciates of the Judiciary Committee had answered his final roll call. I was so shocked and astounded for the moment that I kept saying, "It is not so, it is not so."

We can hardly realize how fast these gentlemen slip from among us and in all candor it seems to me that the brightest and most capable go first, as falls the choicest and most luscious fruit first from the tree. In school we were taught that like poles repel and unlike poles attract.

The gentleman whose memory we mourn this morning had the good fortune of being born at one end of our great country while I first saw the light of day at the other extreme end. So, as in physics, unlike poles attract.

When I was honored by gaining a place on the Judiciary Committee, having through the years sought to perfect myself in the knowledge of the law, I recognized in FRANK FELLOWS a profound student of the law. And upon hearing this morning for the first time a history of his early life as given to us by the distinguished gentleman from Maine [Mr. Hale], I am not surprised that he was a great lawyer because he was begotten in the law. Since the days of his early youth he has been in public office three-fourths of the three score years he was permitted to live. That period of time he had spent in public office of high trust, and naturally he has absorbed a profound knowledge of our law.

Mr. Speaker, it has been a privilege to have served here with so distinguished a scholar. Not only was he versed in the law but, as has already been stated this morning, he knew the classics, he knew the scriptures, and frequently and appropriately quoted from the same. But I was not only impressed with his knowledge of the law, I was impressed with his good humor. Before coming here this morning I sought these lines from the pen of the bard who said, in speaking of a character like our departed friend:

Even tho' you're only make-believing
Laugh! Clown! Laugh!
Even tho' something inside is grieving
Laugh! Clown! Laugh!

I had the privilege of going overseas with this distinguished gentleman and lawyer. I knew him intimately, and am therefore capable of evaluating his great capacity and his unwavering desire to serve humanity everywhere. Although I belong to a different political party from that to which he was born, I coveted him as my intimate friend and adviser. Somewhere I read that when a shipbuilder goes out to select timbers for the laying of the ship's keel he does not go to some tropical climate, perhaps like my own section of this great country, but he climbs some Alpine cliff where the contrary winds constantly twist and pressure the timbers so as to get wood of sufficient strength for a proper keel. So, it is in this case. FRANK FELLOWS was born in the extreme northern part of our country, and spent his entire life there. Have you not been impressed with the fact that you have never heard a man refer to him as Mr. FELLOWS, or as Congressman FELLOWS? It would be entirely inappropriate so to address him with any title. He was simply FRANK FELLOWS. I often talked with him about his family, since it just happens that he and I have the same number of children. They have a great satisfaction in knowing that he left to them a good and honored name, and we are reminded from Holy Writ itself that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Iowa [Mr. Jensen].

Mr. JENSEN. Mr. Speaker, FRANK FELLOWS was genuine in every sense of the word. He was a great American, a great patriot. He stood for everything that was big and fine and good. He never compromised a principle. FRANK FELLOWS was truly one of God's noblemen. God rest his soul.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Rankin].

Mr. RANKIN. Mr. Speaker, it is impossible for me to express my feelings on this occasion.

I can truthfully say that in the passing of FRANK FELLOWS another milestone along the highway of life has become a monument to a departed friend.

Not only was he my personal friend, but he was one of the best friends this Nation has ever had. Someone has described those friendships that spring up between members of the different parties in the House, as the flowers that overhang the walls of party politics. Such was the friendship that existed between FRANK FELLOWS and your humble servant.

I can say without fear of successful contradiction that FRANK FELLOWS was one of the finest men with whom I have ever served. If his party had possessed the wisdom to nominate FRANK FELLOWS for President of the United States in 1940, or 1944, or in 1948, and had let the country know what he stood for, and made the people understand his real merits and his real devotion to his country's welfare, his undaunted courage, and unchanging Americanism, the chances are that he would have been elected.

If he had been President of the United States, we might have avoided the horrible catastrophe through which our country has passed, and the chances are that we would not now be looking over the precipice into that dark chasm of uncertainty that now confronts us.

There is nothing that I can say that would add to those wonderful tributes that have already been paid him by Members on both sides of the House, but I am taking advantage of this opportunity to express my profound sorrow at this untimely passing of one of the greatest Americans I have ever known. My sympathies go out to his bereaved family, as well as to our great country, in this hour of peril when such men as FRANK FELLOWS are so badly needed to help steer the ship of state through the perilous waters in which we now find ourselves.

GOD BLESS HIS SACRED MEMORY

May the rolling of the mighty deep, whose billows round us play,
Waft him to some sacred place, some haven far away
Where the weary soul may find the bliss for which it sighs,
Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from New York [Mr. Javits].

Mr. JAVITS. Mr. Speaker, I join with my colleagues in this testimonial to the memory of our dearly beloved colleague, FRANK FELLOWS, and especially with my colleagues who have paid him the high tributes he so munificently deserves in the sponsoring of the displaced-persons legislation. I was a member of the subcommittee of the Committee on Foreign Affairs which looked into that question. FRANK FELLOWS' eloquent voice and fine mind was, I think, one of the deciding factors in finally performing that great humanitarian and statesmanlike act as represented by that legislation.

I was a rather frequent companion of FRANK's and his secretary at breakfast in the cafeteria. We managed to have some wonderful times together.

I should like to feel, Mr. Speaker, that we will all remember FRANK FELLOWS by his unique chuckle which we all knew so well, and continue to hear its echoes in this Chamber for many years to come. I can remember after teller votes, whether Members voted with or against what FRANK thought was the right thing to do, there was always that chuckle at the back rail. That was the eternal and final leveler, so that every Member felt that, having done what his conscience dictated, at least in this House as exemplified by FRANK FELLOWS as a Member of the House, it was completely understood.

Perhaps the highest tribute that can be paid to a man's memory is that it shall be joyous to his colleagues for as long as they remember and can serve. That is what FRANK FELLOWS' memory means to me.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Reed].

Mr. REED of Illinois. Mr. Speaker, the sudden passing on August 27 of our esteemed colleague, FRANK FELLOWS, was a stunning shock, particularly to those of us who were closely associated with him in his activities in the House. When I last saw him, at the late night session just before the recess, he seemed in the best of health and certainly in the best of spirits. It should serve as a constant reminder to all of us that the messenger of death ofttimes comes when he is least expected and at a time when future plans and expectations seem most alluring.

It was in 1941 that FRANK FELLOWS first entered this Chamber as a Member of the Seventy-seventh Congress. Two years later, in the succeeding Congress, he was elected as a member of the Committee on the Judiciary. An excellent lawyer, he readily adapted himself to the functions and responsibilities of that assignment. His keen intellect and untiring zeal was soon made manifest to his fellow committee members and as a consequence his advice was most welcome and his influence increased with great rapidity. During the Eightieth Congress, he served as chairman of the Subcommittee on Immigration and Naturalization, a subject that had not hitherto been under the jurisdiction of the Committee on the Judiciary. He thoroughly familiarized himself with those intricate problems and in consequence, discharged his responsibilities promptly, intelligently, and humanely. Largely through his influence, legislation introduced and sponsored by him was enacted into law which authorized the admission into our country of thousands of homeless refugees, who for no fault of their own but because of the ruthlessness of war, had been driven from their homes, had no place to go, and no opportunity to earn livelihoods for themselves or their families. Probably few, if any, of these future American citizens will ever realize that the perseverance and influence of FRANK FEL-

LOWS was in a large measure responsible for the great opportunity accorded to them to come to our shores, live with liberty-loving peoples and become citizens of the greatest Nation under God's dominion.

FRANK FELLOWS loved the law; he loved his work in Congress; but more than that, he loved human beings. He always endeavored to lessen the load that the other fellow was carrying. A kind word, a helping hand, a joke, a funny story—those were his stocks in trade. Even the seriousness of weighty problems under consideration did not deter him from saying a kind word or doing a kind deed where he thought it might be helpful. A few weeks ago, in the last speech he made on the floor of this House, during the debate over a highly controversial constitutional subject in which he had strong convictions, he paused in the few minutes allotted to him, to pay tribute to the character and ability of a colleague who had resigned from Congress and was about to sever his connections with official Washington.

FRANK FELLOWS was an able Representative of the great State of Maine; he earned the respect of the Members of this House; his good deeds and ready witticisms will ever leave pleasant memories with those who knew him well; his accomplishments as a legislator have given and will continue to give happiness to thousands.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Goodwin].

Mr. GOODWIN. Mr. Speaker, the news of the sudden death of FRANK FELLOWS came to me as a great shock and with it a distinct sense of personal loss. His office was across the hall from my own and I was associated with him in the Committee on the Judiciary. His unexpected passing is also a great personal loss to many of his colleagues in the House, especially those who knew him best, but aside from any sense of personal loss the loss to his State and Nation seems almost like an irreparable one. In these troublous times calling for

calm and balanced judgment on the part of everyone in places of influence, the country can ill afford to lose the benefit of his wisdom and experience in the councils of this Chamber.

He once told me that when he came to Congress one of the wisest statesmen the State of Maine has ever sent to Washington advised him that his usefulness to his constituents and his service to the Nation would not necessarily be measured by the number of speeches he made in the House. We can well realize that he followed that sage advice with the result that on those too rare occasions when he did take the floor, he was always assured of an attentive ear from us all.

Probably the secret of his effectiveness in debate was his rare quality of being able to combine delicious bon-mots of scintillating wit with genuine nuggets of real wisdom.

In addition to having a rare sense of humor, FRANK had at the same time a solemn realization of the obligations imposed by public service and that, after all, is certainly one of the chief ingredients going into the making of a statesman. His voting record consistently reflects his own considered independent judgment as to what would be best for his people and for the country. The term "political expediency" was entirely absent from his vocabulary. He thoroughly enjoyed his work in the Committee on the Judiciary and took his duties there most seriously. Being an industrious student of the law with an impressive background of legal experience in both State and Federal courts, the opinions and views expressed by him in the committee were always listened to with the greatest respect.

He was a versatile man with many talents. In addition to being an effective debater, he was constantly sought after as an orator in political campaigns. A story teller par-excellence, he was one of the best toastmasters and after-dinner speakers we shall ever meet.

The impressive and largely attended funeral services at Bangor furnish abundant and eloquent evidence of the high esteem in which he was held by the people of Maine.

I am sure the recollection of the rare qualities of FRANK FELLOWS will forever remain as a hallowed memory in the hearts of us all.

Mr. HALE. I yield to the gentleman from Minnesota [Mr. O'Hara].

Mr. O'HARA. Mr. Speaker, one of the last of my colleagues with whom I visited before leaving for the short recess vacation which we have just completed was my longtime and beloved friend, FRANK FELLOWS. It was, indeed, a matter of great distress to me to see in the papers while I was at one of the northern Minnesota lakes that he was taken ill. I did not know he had died until I came down to the office this morning, so that I have not had an opportunity, as have some of my colleagues, in preparing some of the beautiful tributes which they have so justly paid to him.

FRANK FELLOWS and I came to this Congress in January of 1941 together. I was immediately attracted to him by his ability and his mental honesty. He never had difficulty discerning the froth or fuzziness of an argument and picking out both the weakness and the logic which made up that which is called legislative debate. Neither did he ever have any trouble in discriminating between principle and that which was unsound; nor in making up his mind as to what his judgment should be upon any piece of legislation. He made his judgment without regard to the political expediency of any decision, and I think I was as close to him on many of his decisions as any of my colleagues of the House.

I remember so well in 1942 when we were of a very small minority of 16 who voted against the then drafting of 18-year-olds. I recall that FRANK and I had without any prearrangement discussed the matter rather briefly and then made up our minds and voted and we afterwards concluded that that was the political end of both of us. Strangely, to him and to me, that has been one of the great satisfying votes that we have made in the House of Representatives.

I recall so well his concern, love, and affection for his family as particularly evidenced for his son Bill, the youngest of his children, who has been with him so much of the time in Washington. The deep comradeship and affection that existed between them was something which was beautiful to see between father and son.

I can recall the delightful periods when FRANK would entertain us with stories or literally by the hour recite Shakespeare, or the poets, or the classics. He was a master of delivery and a master of histrionics. He could put on a one-man Shakespeare play if he decided that that was the thing his colleagues would like to hear. Somehow FRANK—and I know his frustration so well—chose at times to play the role of Pagliacci, and he would sing to you and make light to cover up a breaking heart or a frustration which some of us here feel rather deeply. Somehow, I think it is tragic that some of our colleagues may not have understood him as well, and the particular role that he chose to play, because he was very brilliant, and able, and courageous; he chose to keep from you and from me oftentimes both the physical and mental distress which he had by putting on the clown robes of Pagliacci, because he thought it would be more pleasant to entertain us than to belabor us with his own concerns and problems.

He leaves a host of friends back in his district, and I can realize the deep affection they had for FRANK as we of this House had who knew him for what he was—a genuine, humane, kindly, able individual who despised deception and hypocrisy and who loved his country with a depth that few, if any, equal.

FRANK FELLOWS was not inclined to speak often, but when he did his outstanding ability to present facts and the sheer brilliance of his argument made him one of the most respected and effective molders of legislation. One of the most outstanding examples I have seen in the 11 years that I have been a Member of the House was his leadership on the so-

called displaced persons legislation. By the use of his brilliance, his sincerity, and persuasion, he led the passage of that legislation, which was complex, at a time when its passage was both unpopular and uncertain, and by his sheer efforts left as a landmark a monument to his forensic ability and his power of persuasion.

I considered FRANK one of my closest friends. I shall miss him tremendously. The world has been a more enjoyable and a better place for me to live in because of FRANK FELLOWS.

Not only has the State of Maine lost a great son but the Congress and the country have lost a much needed Member of our society.

To his loved ones I extend my deepest sympathy, and particularly do I do so to his son, Bill.

Reverently I say, eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord; and may perpetual light shine upon him.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. McVey].

Mr. McVEY. Mr. Speaker, I do not rise to offer any extensive eulogy on the life of FRANK FELLOWS; I do not believe I am well enough acquainted with his life and his experiences here in Congress to do that. I had never seen FRANK FELLOWS until I came here on January 3 of this year. I knew little of his background and of the constructive leadership which he had furnished us for a number of years until I came here this afternoon. But there is one attribute about which I should like to speak very briefly and that is the warm personality of FRANK FELLOWS.

I met him on the first day I entered the Congress, on January 3, and I shall never forget that friendly handclasp, that greeting, and that smile which he extended to me. As a freshman in this body it meant a great deal and was an encouragement and an inspiration. As I saw him day after day, I found that he always met me with that smile and that greeting.

That smile and that greeting grew into a very warm friendship and while my own experiences with FRANK FELLOWS have been brief, I want you to know that I shall miss him just as much as any Member of this House who has served with him for many years. I shall feel his loss very keenly. You will remember him for his constructive statesmanship perhaps, for his leadership in this body, for the many fine things he has done as a legislator, but I shall remember him principally for his warmth of personality and that kindly greeting which I received from him day after day. It meant much to me as a freshman in this House. I know that what we say here can assuage but little the grief his family must bear in the midst of such devastating circumstances, but I want to join with you in extending to them my very deepest sympathies in this hour of their great loss.

We have lost a true friend, a fine American and a constructive leader in this House.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from California [Mr. McDonough].

Mr. McDONOUGH. Mr. Speaker, I realize how inadequate words are on an occasion of this kind in assuaging the feelings of the family, friends, and acquaintances of one of our great colleagues, Mr. FRANK FELLOWS. I never served on a committee with Mr. FELLOWS. My intimacy with him was as a Member of the House.

I recall that when I first came to Congress he was one of the first to introduce himself to me and to give me the benefit of his broad experience. Later I realized what a great man he was. When on the infrequent occasions he would take the floor to speak on important legislation, he commanded the respectful attention of all present. Every one of us has been inspired by the wisdom and the knowledge of a great student of government. FRANK FELLOWS, in my opinion, represented the rugged shores of the State

of Maine in the character and courage that he displayed on many occasions in determining issues in this House and in committee. We Californians are especially grateful to him for his consideration and understanding of our tidelands problem and his effective support of that important legislation in the Judiciary Committee and in the House. FRANK FELLOWS was a man of sound judgment, high morals, keen perception, and an engaging sense of humor. We mourn his passing; we will miss his presence here. It will be difficult to replace his abilities in this House and I join with the rest of my colleagues in expressing my sympathy to those who are left behind to mourn his loss.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I yield to the gentleman from Oklahoma [Mr. Schwabe].

Mr. SCHWABE. Mr. Speaker, I take this opportunity to join with my colleagues on both sides of the aisle who have paid such deserving tributes to the memory of one who recently departed from our midst. I would be but repeating the many things that have been said of him, of his statesmanship, his ability, his character, and his genuineness if I were to express my feelings along the lines that have been expressed. But on this occasion I want to add one further tribute to FRANK FELLOWS and our memory of him. Usually a man is best known by his neighbors and his friends, those among whom he has lived his entire life. My privilege week before last was to visit in many of the towns in his district, his home town of Bangor included, and I want to say that the people there loved FRANK FELLOWS for his genuineness of character. He was truly and typically a Representative of the people of his congressional district of the State of Maine. That is the true test that we can always apply in determining what a man's real worth is. What do his friends and neighbors think of him? They loved him and were eager to express their kindest appreciation of his friendship and his representation of them in Congress. We shall all miss him sorely.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that all Members may be permitted to extend their remarks at this point in the Record on the passing of FRANK FELLOWS.

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. Priest). Is there objection to the request of the gentleman from Maine?

There was no objection.

Mr. CHELF. Mr. Speaker, it was with profound regret that I read of the untimely passing of our dear friend and colleague the Honorable FRANK FELLOWS—the able, conscientious, fearless, and distinguished Representative from the great State of Maine. In my humble opinion, Mr. Speaker, one of the most lovable persons whom it has been my good fortune ever to know has been called by the Master of all lodges, nations, and men to that great mansion of rest on high.

The name FRANK FELLOWS shall live on in the hearts of all who knew him. He was frank and sincere, thereby appropriately bearing his given name of FRANK. He likewise was a great and wonderful fellow, and this fits in perfectly with the surname that he bore with distinction, honor, and luster.

FRANK FELLOWS was not only a fine lawyer, a gifted speaker, an outstanding progressive-conservative, alert, intelligent, fair, and able legislator, but, what is more, he was a sweet and kind character. Never in all of the time that I have known him did I ever hear him say or see him do an unkind or selfish thing to another person.

Of all the fine legislation that he sponsored, none shall ever exceed or overshadow the act that bore his name in the Eightieth Congress when he was chairman of the Subcommittee on Immigration and Naturalization—the Fellows bill to authorize the admission of those poor unfortunate displaced persons of Europe into the United States. In my judgment, had it not been for the honest, fair, and unbiased approach given to the subject by FRANK FELLOWS, there

would have been no legislation to allow a haven to these persecuted, mistreated mortals who bore the scars of Hitler's butchery and savagery upon their emaciated bodies—their almost broken spirits and their troubled hearts.

FRANK FELLOWS remembered his Bible, and applied the story of the Good Samaritan here in modern times to those who had been robbed, beaten, maimed, and forsaken. If FRANK FELLOWS had never done another kind act of any description, the good Lord would have prepared a place for him in Heaven for his great, good, and kind work in behalf of destitute and neglected mankind. Let me add here, my friends, lest we forget, that he sponsored the displaced-persons' legislation at a time when it was not too popular and long even before the American people knew the facts and had opened up their hearts and their homes to these unfortunates who were left without homes, property, and, in many, many instances, without loved ones—due to the barbaric treatment and the wholesale murdering tactics of Adolf Hitler.

Personally, Mr. Speaker, I am a better man for having known, admired and loved FRANK FELLOWS. He was a genuine source of inspiration to me and to all who came his way. Truly, sir, FRANK FELLOWS let his light so shine before men that they might see his good works and glorify our Father who art in heaven.

To his dear family, I exend my heartfelt sympathy. The State of Maine and the entire country mourns the loss of a great statesman, an outstanding American, and a God-fearing and God-loving individual.

God give us the wisdom, the patience, the foresight, the courage, and the ability of this great man during these trying days that lie ahead to "save our America as we know it" and pass it on to our children and our children's children—free and proud. Such was FRANK'S creed—his aim, and during his life's span—his accomplishment. We must carry on his work from here. God rest his blessed soul in peace.

Mr. KEATING. Mr. Speaker, FRANK FELLOWS combined to a rare degree those qualities which make for warm and lasting friendships. Few Members in my experience have been equally loved by their colleagues of all shades of political affiliation or economic or social outlook. It was the exception to leave even a short conversation with FRANK without taking away some gem of thought or expression.

Due to my service on the Committee on the Judiciary where FRANK served with such marked ability and fidelity, it was my privilege to sit next to him in many committee sessions. I can truthfully say that I count these contacts among the richest experiences in my congressional life.

My own feeling of personal loss is so keen that I could not trust myself to express orally the sentiments which I feel so deeply. Yet it would be selfish in the extreme were it not recognized that the blow of his sudden death to those of us who knew him so intimately and loved him so sincerely is not comparable to the irreparable loss which his family, his congressional district, his State, and his Nation have suffered.

To all of them, and to his devoted secretary, Miss Hazel, who faithfully and diligently served for so many years both FRANK and his father, I join in extending deepest sympathy and most profound regret.

Mr. HESELTON. Mr. Speaker, it is always difficult to choose language which fully expresses the real feelings we have upon the death of a colleague, and that is particularly true when we speak of a colleague who was a close friend. But I do want to add my tribute to what has been said so eloquently here this afternoon.

FRANK FELLOWS was a close personal friend of my father. When I came to Congress he immediately welcomed me and since that time I have thought of him as one of my closest personal friends.

As a native of Maine I knew of his outstanding reputation as a lawyer and as a public official. But in my association here with him the reasons for that reputation became crystal

clear. No one could doubt FRANK FELLOWS' complete honesty and integrity. The sincerity of his convictions and the ability so evident in his expression of those convictions marked him as one of the outstanding men in the Congresses in which he served.

There were many ways in which he demonstrated that but I think one of the most vivid examples was his handling of the so-called displaced persons bill. I am sure that all of us who were here at that time recognized that that bill became law largely because of the brilliant way in which he guided it here on the floor.

I know that we all recognized the warmth of his personality. As devoted to duty and conscientious as he was, he could always find time to do those things which endeared him to all of his friends. With his offices on the same floor as my own, I recall so well the times when he would step in as he passed by just to pay a little visit with my staff and myself.

This Congress is the poorer because he is not with us today. This country can ill afford to lose such a devoted and able Representative. But the record he made here will serve as a continued inspiration to all of us.

I do want to join in extending my most sincere sympathy to Mrs. Fellows and to their children.

Mr. RAYBURN. Mr. Speaker, FRANK FELLOWS was a fine, a kindly, and a noble man. His service to his district, his State, and his country was of a high order. His was a statesmanship of the best type. We shall miss him terribly and always.

Mr. LANE. Mr. Speaker, our colleague, FRANK FELLOWS, of Maine, died suddenly.

He was the sixth Member of this House to pass away since the Eighty-second Congress convened in January of this year.

Death is no novelty, because it is the twin of life, but when it strikes suddenly at one who was close to us it is difficult to adjust our thinking to it.

I was a member of the congressional delegation that was present at the services and at the interment.

As the mournful procession left ivy-covered All Souls Congregational Church, in Bangor, Maine, to wend its way through 18 miles of rolling countryside to Bucksport, where FRANK FELLOWS was born and where he was laid to rest, I understood why he loved the rich green beauty of his native State and how reluctant he must have been to leave it.

FRANK FELLOWS was not old in years. He was even younger in spirit.

Even as the unspoiled natural loveliness of the hills and lakes and pine trees of Maine.

I enjoyed working with FRANK FELLOWS as a member of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives.

It was my belief that I knew him well in life. But until I joined with others in that final tribute and spoke with the folks back home who knew and loved him from childhood, I never appreciated the origins of his fine mind and his personal integrity.

A man's family, his friends, and his environment is often the key to the man himself.

Maine and its people are hard-working, honest, and independent. From the individual to the State a premium is placed on self-reliance. They do not seek the easy way of dependence. In this way character is formed—the character that develops children into men and women who earn their own way in life, the character that will encourage and help others without babying them. The character that is desperately needed to prevent a deterioration of our national fiber.

FRANK FELLOWS made his mark in life.

He was devoted to his profession of law and to his responsibilities as a public servant. He knew that good husbandry must be practiced in the conduct of government as in the management of one's own personal affairs.

Because he liked a "free life" for himself, he wanted others to have the same opportunity. As a member of the Disabled

Persons Committee, he studied the problem in Europe. When he returned, he fought tirelessly for legislation that opened the gates of the United States to thousands of refugees.

This, above all, was evidence of his manly humanity.

Because FRANK was on the other side of the aisle, there were many issues on which we were divided. There were other measures on which I learned from his clear and lucid exposition of the opposition's viewpoint. For the future of our great Nation I hope that the Republican Party will continue to develop leaders with his intelligence, his courage, and his sincere faith in the principles of constitutional government.

He never retreated into cynicism or surrendered to cowardly compromise.

His example of service should be perpetuated.

In an age where impressionable youth sees too many headline stories of crime and corruption and moral dereliction, temptingly presented in terms of money and power and arrogance, we need to give them better examples after which to pattern their own lives.

I wish that they had the opportunity to know and admire the late Congressman FRANK FELLOWS.

If they did, they would be better Americans, better fathers and mothers, respected, admired, and loved by all whom they meet on the journey through mortal life to the blessings of eternity.

Mr. ARENDS. Mr. Speaker, there is a line by Tennyson that reads, "I do but sing because I must." This could have been said by our departed friend, FRANK FELLOWS.

He loved to sing, and it has been my personal privilege to participate with him on several occasions as a part of a so-called congressional quartet. His love of music and his enthusiasm for expressing himself through music reveals the noble character of the man. He had music in his heart

because he loved life. He loved people, and he brought comfort and happiness to countless numbers in countless ways.

Words cannot express the loss I personally feel with the passing of FRANK FELLOWS. He meant a great deal to me as a close friend whose good fellowship and counsel I have had during the 10 years or so he served in this House.

In the fullest sense, FRANK FELLOWS was an able representative of the people. He served with distinction. During his service in the House he made a real contribution to the work of the Congress. He played an outstanding role in the work of the Committee on Judiciary, particularly with respect to legislation pertaining to our complex immigration and naturalization laws. All of us recognized his legal talents and forensic skill. All of us knew his great love of country. He placed his country above every other consideration.

I extend my deepest sympathy to his family. I share their great loss. Of FRANK FELLOWS' passing I shall say:

Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's victory won,
Now cometh rest.

Mr. HAYS of Arkansas. Mr. Speaker, in the character of our beloved colleague, FRANK FELLOWS, there were elements of strength like the granite of his beloved New England, but there were also qualities of warmth and gentleness like those of the poets of his native region. He made friends of many of us who live far from Maine, friendships that had little to do with legislation. For many of us it meant an enriching influence during the years of his distinguished service here.

Shortly before his death he came across the aisle to speak to me about a personal matter, and in the conversation there were forebodings so slight that he dared not express them, but I could sense a determination to confront his fears with the great strength of character which we know he possessed.

I am confident that in the closing period of his life there was a reliance upon the same sources of strength which produced the beautiful and familiar lines:

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar,
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

Mr. AUCHINCLOSS. Mr. Speaker, the sudden death of a friend and colleague brings a shocking sense of loneliness and frustration. It also brings home the realization of the fleeting time of life and the inevitableness of the final accounting. But, as time passes, this feeling of helplessness is dissipated by the glory of the friendship and the helpfulness of the life that has ended, and we that are left living are endowed with new courage.

FRANK FELLOWS was my friend, and I was happy in that friendship. He was endowed with an alert mind, steeped in definite moral convictions concerning our Nation's welfare and nourished by a desire to be with people so that he might make friends and share their lives. He had a long and honorable service on behalf of his great State, and was modest about his achievements. Those whom he represented in the Congress knew him well and showed their confidence and affection for him each time he ran for office. But, with all the trust and affection they showered on him, he remained humble and unspoiled—a true sign of greatness.

Abhoring hypocrisy and deceit, with his penetrating mind he uncovered it and laid it bare. His wit was quick but never venomous; he made friends readily but never abused friendship or treated it lightly; he was loved by those who knew him, and it may be said that the Congress of the

United States will never see his like again in many a long year. Life is empty without him, but life is richer for having known him.

Mr. CELLER. Mr. Speaker, I join with my colleagues in expressing condolences to the family of our beloved Member, FRANK FELLOWS. I have known FRANK FELLOWS since he first joined us in 1940. There is no one—I say, no one—who did not feel the impact of FRANK'S personality. His vitality, his wit, his ready and quick humor, his sense of fellowship bound his colleagues to him. His warmth and sincerity endeared him to us all.

FRANK was a man of independent mind and spirit. He could grasp the core of an argument with never-failing quickness. I remember how often in the Judiciary Committee he could resolve our difficulties when we became lost in a mesh of contradictions. When FRANK FELLOWS spoke, we listened.

But wit and spirit, without humanity, serve only the most superficial of purposes. Not so with FRANK. He was a man of mind and heart. The name of meaning for thousands of displaced persons who, escaping the sadism of Hitler and Stalin, found refuge in our land. These nameless thousands found a friend, a fighting friend, in FRANK FELLOWS. Not only did he know their suffering but felt it. He was their spokesman.

We loved FRANK FELLOWS, and for each of us his passing is a deep and personal loss. We shall look for his face in our meetings and not find it. But our work here has been better because of FRANK FELLOWS. He served the Congress and the constituents faithfully and well. Though bodily he is gone, he will be with us and with the people forever. The monument of his work and his spirit remain.

I believe FRANK FELLOWS loved life. Now God has placed his finger on him, and he sleeps. He leaves behind him cherished memories and a good name, in all of which his family can take good comfort.

Mr. CHENOWETH. Mr. Speaker, I wish to join my colleagues in paying tribute to FRANK FELLOWS. His death came as a great shock to me. I have suffered a heavy personal loss in his passing.

FRANK FELLOWS and I came to Congress together. For 8 years our offices were just a few doors apart. I soon recognized FRANK's sterling qualities and found him to be a true friend.

My life is richer for having been associated with FRANK FELLOWS. He always had a word of cheer and encouragement. I shall always cherish most happy memories of his genial and friendly personality.

Our Nation cannot afford to lose men like FRANK FELLOWS at this critical time. He was a great constitutional lawyer. He was fearless in proclaiming that which he believed to be right. I still recall his brilliant presentation of the issues involved in the poll tax controversy. FRANK took an unpopular stand and it would have been easier for him to have supported the legislation. But FRANK was not of that mold. He could not vote against his convictions.

Every lover of constitutional government has suffered a real loss by the untimely death of FRANK FELLOWS. He will be sadly missed by all who knew him. I wish to extend my deepest personal sympathy to his widow and the other members of the family.

Mr. REED of New York. Mr. Speaker, the sudden death of my dear friend and colleague, Hon. FRANK FELLOWS, of the State of Maine, came as a great shock and sorrow to me. I have long considered this able and patriotic statesman one of my dearest friends.

Honesty, courage, and kindness were the attributes of my friend and colleague. Few men have possessed and translated into action with greater fidelity the ideals which have been the chief motivating force in the development of our country. His comprehensive knowledge of world affairs and

their relation to his beloved Republic made him invaluable as a legislator.

There is one service rendered by Hon. FRANK FELLOWS that should perpetuate his good name and his outstanding service to his fellowmen. I refer to his legislative effort to report and pass a bill to admit a distinguished Chinese doctor to remain in this country, a doctor who is an expert in the treatment of and cure of tuberculosis. One case of many of this dread disease will illustrate why Representative FELLOWS pressed for the passage of the bill to admit permanently this Chinese doctor. It came to the attention of Representative FELLOWS that a girl, a bed patient suffering from bone tuberculosis for 8 years, had been treated and cured by Dr. Timothy Liang. This was enough to inspire our good colleague to fight for legislation to admit and make Dr. Timothy Liang a citizen of the United States. Generations of those afflicted with disease and suffering should bless the humanitarian work of our departed colleague.

I join with my colleagues in extending heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Fellows and her family in the hour of a great bereavement.

Mr. SHAFER. Mr. Speaker, death is a stern reminder to all of us of the inevitability of change in human life and affairs, especially so when death comes as unexpectedly as it did to FRANK FELLOWS. Certainly it will not be quite the same again in this House as it was when FRANK was here among us. Certainly for those of us privileged to share an intimate friendship with FRANK FELLOWS, life itself can never again be quite the same.

But death is also the source of a kindlier reminder—a reminder of those things which endure. And death is such a reminder when it comes to one whose life and deeds were the embodiment of those abiding qualities.

FRANK FELLOWS was a stable, solid man—a true son of New England virtues. In his life and works, integrity, con-

scientiousness, and truth—and the courage which those qualities require—were not mere words, but the very essence of himself.

FRANK FELLOWS was a true conservative. His was the conservatism which understands that worth-while things, whether of material wealth, or of sound human government, or of liberty itself, are bought with a heavy price of effort and sacrifice and so are not to be tossed lightly aside as though of little account.

FRANK FELLOWS was a man of brilliant mind and eloquent word, yet a man who never thought more highly of himself than he ought to think, a man who found in kindliness, humor, song and laughter the key at once to relaxation, to humility and to joyous companionship with friends.

These are qualities which FRANK FELLOWS exemplified. These are qualities which endure, not alone in memory, but as the eternal foundation for the good life for all men, were they but wise enough to know it.

I was greatly privileged to know and associate intimately with FRANK FELLOWS during the decade he served in the House. One of my pleasantest of many pleasant recollections is a week which he spent with me in my district a few years ago. I grieve over his leaving us and offer my sympathies to those who were closest to him. Above all I am grateful for the reminder his memory will always bring of the abiding qualities of life FRANK FELLOWS so fully exemplified.

Mr. KILBURN. Mr. Speaker, FRANK FELLOWS, in my opinion, was one of the most valuable Members of the Congress. He was a dear friend of mine and was kind enough to come to my district during a primary fight and made a great speech. He was one of the top speakers in the House. Whenever he spoke, the House was absolutely quiet. He was a man of honor and integrity. He seldom spoke, but when he did the Nation listened. We in the House have had a great loss, and I have lost a good friend. I mourn his passing. I hope this country will produce more like him.

Mr. WIGGLESWORTH. Mr. Speaker, I deeply regret the death of a distinguished colleague and close friend, FRANK FELLOWS, of Maine.

The loss which his death carries with it, to the State and to the Nation in these difficult times, is a very great one.

His deep convictions, his great ability, his gift for oratory, his understanding of human nature, and his ever-ready wit combined to make him one of the greatest trial lawyers in the State of Maine, and a public servant difficult, if not impossible, to replace.

I well remember an occasion in my congressional district when the speaker of the evening, a United States Senator, was forced to fall out 24 hours before the scheduled meeting. FRANK FELLOWS responded to a long distance telephone call to Washington, arrived in Boston the following morning, and held the audience spellbound for something like an hour and a half.

Those who served with him here during his 11 years of service in the Congress will never forget him.

Personally, I shall miss him greatly.

I join in heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Fellows, the members of his family, and all those close to him.

Mr. KEARNEY. Mr. Speaker, I was shocked when informed of the death of my dear friend FRANK FELLOWS.

He was a great American—old fashioned in his sturdy type of Americanism—a fine legislator, and one who put the interests of his country first. Of great courage, he never swerved from the path of duty to his constituents and country. To his family I extend my deepest sympathy.

Mr. HALE. Mr. Speaker, I offer a resolution (H. Res. 405) and ask for its immediate consideration.

The Clerk read the resolution, as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with profound sorrow of the death of Hon. FRANK FELLOWS, a Representative from the State of Maine.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate these resolutions to the Senate and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. PRIEST. Mr. Speaker, as a further tribute to the memory of our deceased colleague, I move that the House do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; accordingly (at 1 o'clock and 59 minutes p. m.) the House adjourned until tomorrow, Thursday, September 13, 1951, at 12 o'clock noon.

Proceedings
in the
United States Senate

Proceedings in the Senate

MONDAY, *August 27, 1951.*

Mrs. SMITH of Maine. Mr. President, it is with deep regret that I announce the death of the Representative from the Third Congressional District of the State of Maine—the Honorable FRANK FELLOWS, of Bangor, Maine. His untimely passing comes as a shock to his colleagues and friends and is a deep loss not only to the Congress and to the people of Maine but to the entire Nation.

FRANK FELLOWS was one of the outstanding legal minds in the State of Maine. He distinguished himself as an outstanding lawyer in the State of Maine and later as a brilliant member of the Committee on the Judiciary in the United States House of Representatives.

His judicial mind and cautious nature were among his outstanding characteristics. He won the wholesome respect of all those with whom he came in contact by his candor and powerful manner of expression.

FRANK FELLOWS was always obsessed of a deep loyalty to his beloved State of Maine. I recall how he frequently spoke with great pride of his school days in Bucksport. He maintained that loyalty throughout his outstanding service in the Congress of the United States for the past 10 years.

FRANK FELLOWS was all of these things but more than that, he was a real American—whose patriotic service our Nation can ill afford to lose in these critical times.

Mr. President, I offer a resolution and ask unanimous consent for its present consideration.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The resolution submitted by the Senator from Maine will be read.

The resolution (S. Res. 199) was read, considered by unanimous consent, and unanimously agreed to as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. FRANK FELLOWS, late a Representative from the State of Maine.

Resolved, That the Presiding Officer appoint a committee of two Senators to attend the funeral of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Secretary communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives, and transmit a copy thereof to the family of the deceased.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. As the committee provided for in the resolution, the Chair appoints the senior Senator from Maine [Mr. Brewster] and the Junior Senator from Maine [Mrs. Smith].

Mr. CASE. Mr. President, I should like to join in what has been said about the character and services of the late FRANK FELLOWS.

It was my privilege to serve in the House of Representatives with FRANK, during all of his service there with the exception of the present Congress.

FRANK FELLOWS had an unusual faculty for making friends. He was one of the friendliest men in the House of Representatives. I presume that the reason he had so many friends was that he proved himself to be a friend to others.

FRANK FELLOWS was a man of unusual legal ability. He was one of those rare persons who are able to mix a fine wit with discerning deliberation on a very weighty matter. I recall when he was chairman of a subcommittee of the Committee on the Judiciary which handled proposed legislation amending the act to permit the entrance of displaced persons to the United States. There were some angles to that problem at the time which, in the hands of a less skillful parliamentarian or a less able lawyer, or a slower-witted person might have caused trouble in the passage of the bill. But FRANK, by his combination of legal ability and capacity

quickly to discern the argument of an opponent, was able to pilot the legislation successfully and to inculcate in it certain principles which it needed.

FRANK FELLOWS was not what would be called a starry-eyed idealist. His feet were on the ground. Yet he had a sense of practical humanitarianism which prompted him to sponsor such legislation and to carry it through effectively. Those who served with him will long remember his ability and his friendly personality. I wish to join my voice with others in appreciation of his character, his ability, and his service as a Member of the Congress.

Mr. CARLSON. FRANK FELLOWS, whose sudden death was announced shortly after noon, came to the House of Representatives in the Seventy-seventh Congress. I was a Member of the House at that time, and he and I became rather closely associated. We became close friends. He was an able, conscientious, and sincere legislator. He was a very friendly, lovable, and personable character.

On my election to the Senate, our associations again became rather close because we lived at the same hotel. On many occasions I had had the opportunity to visit with him in the lobby, and to ride back and forth from the hotel to the Capitol with him. We were associated on very many occasions. The announcement of his death was a shock to me.

We can ill afford as a nation to lose men of the ability, the knowledge, and the character of FRANK FELLOWS in this most trying hour of our Nation's history. I extend to his family my sincerest and deepest sympathy. I say again that our Nation has lost a great citizen and a great legislator. The State of Maine has certainly lost a most conscientious and able Representative.

Mr. McFARLAND. Mr. President, in accordance with the provisions of the resolution, I now move that the Senate adjourn until 3:20 p. m. today.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The question is on agreeing to the motion of the Senator from Arizona. [Putting the question.]

The question is on agreeing to the motion of the Senator from Arizona [Mr. McFarland] that the Senate stand adjourned until 20 minutes past 3 o'clock this afternoon, the adjournment being taken out of respect to the memory of the late Representative FELLOWS, of Maine.

The motion was unanimously agreed to; and (at 3 o'clock and 12 minutes p. m. Monday, August 27, 1951) the Senate adjourned until 3 o'clock and 20 minutes p. m. the same day.

WEDNESDAY, *August 29, 1951.*

Mr. DIRKSEN. Mr. President, I shall take a few moments to observe the passing of a friend and colleague in the other branch of the Congress. I esteem it appropriate since the House is in recess. But I do it also because it concerns a friend. A few days ago the Honorable FRANK FELLOWS, a Representative from the State of Maine, answered the last roll call.

I remember well his coming to the Seventy-seventh Congress in 1940. He was a highly respected and successful lawyer who forsook his practice to enter public service, and was reelected to each succeeding Congress since that time. Soon after his arrival, we became firm friends, and it was a lasting friendship. I came to know the worth and character of the man, the profound character of his mind, his devotion to the American ideal and tradition, the warmth and abiding quality of his friendship, his devotion to the country, and his unwavering faith in the idea of the dignity of the individual.

His passing was ascribed to a heart attack. It could be. But it may have been that an element of frustration was a contributing factor. From the blue skies over his State, from the rugged land, from the stately pines, and from the

undefiled waters which lashed her coast line, FRANK FELLOWS learned of God and nature, of freedom as the only climate in which the fire of the creative spirt could burn brightly, of honorable dealings with his fellow men, of self-reliance, of the worth of a land born out of the crucible of human liberty, and of the need to preserve that freedom if the unfulfilled dream of freedom was yet to be consummated.

Out of deep conviction he appraised the forces and trends that are at work today all over the world, including his own beloved land, and it touched his spirit with a sense of distress. He saw a departure from principles that were as sacred to him as the beauty which he found in the Maine woods. He saw how easily the expediency course was followed. He saw political timidity supplant moral courage where important issues were involved. He saw vacillation, which was alien to every instinct which had been bred into his being.

All this brought some frustration, and how avidly he sought for a resurgence of the old faith and the old Gospel which would sustain him in a time when there seemed so much of futility.

The death certificate may say that the cord of life was severed by a faltering of the heart. But I know, from long experience, that in that heart there must have been rebellion against the easy forces which are remaking America. What a loss it is to see so valiant a defender of the ancient faith taken away, because America needed him. I salute his memory for the patriot, American, gentleman, and nobleman that he was. He was so unafraid in a time when moral values too often go on the block.

FRIDAY, *August 31, 1951.*

Mr. BREWSTER. Mr. President, in the untimely passing of Representative FRANK FELLOWS, my successor as a Representative of the Third Congressional District of Maine, the State of Maine and America have lost a superlative public servant, and one who has left a deep impression upon his

associates in the Congress. After a brilliant career at the Maine bar, as one of the great trial lawyers of our generation, Representative FELLOWS turned his splendid talents, and his wealth of experience with all the problems of humanity, to the full-time service of his State and Nation.

Disappointed and disillusioned, at first, as he peered behind the scenes at the seamy side of politics, there seemed many times when he considered seriously returning to the law he loved so well. Gradually the challenge of the Congress grew on him, with the opportunity not only to serve the people of Maine, but to affect the course of his country and the world in the unsettled and changing era in which we live.

His handling of the displaced-persons legislation in the House will long stand as a monument to the warmth of his human understanding, his profound sympathy for suffering humanity, and a parliamentary skill and mastery of the entire intricate situation that is all too rarely seen in Congress in this generation.

His pungent humor masked a philosophical understanding of human problems and human frailties, coupled with a perception of the meaning of America and a devotion to what he conceived to be its fundamental principles, that uniquely qualified him to serve his State and country. His life and work will long serve to inspire those who were privileged to know him. His friends were legion, and their loss is great.

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